EIGHT FABLES ON THE Present Posture of Affairs in *EUROPE*; Viz.

The Devil and the Priest, or *Porto Carero*'s Will.
The Courtier.
The Pilgrims.
The Usurers and Merchants.
The Ingrates.
The Partizans.
The Confederacy.
The Interview.

To which is Prefix'd,

ESOP's Advice both to the Princes and People of *Europe*.

LONDON,
Printed for *Eliz. Mallet* near *Fleet-bridg*,
1703.

ERRATA.

Pag. 20. l. 6. for *James* r. *Wales.*

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EPISTLE.

IT's a hard caſe, good Friends! that I am forc'd at every turn to quit the Delights of the Elyſian Fields, the eternal Sunſhine there, the honourable Company of the Muſes, the fair Nymphs and memorable Poets of all Ages of the World, to come here upon your Earth, which even the Sun it ſelf is aſham'd to behold; which ſtinks ſo horribly of Sin and Iniquity, that the few, the very few honeſt among you are almoſt ſuffocated, and long for their Diſſolution. I ſay, 'tis hard that I muſt be put to this trouble again, when I was here but 3 or 4 years ago, to inform your Underſtandings, and made a loſing Voyage, you being not one farthing the better for my coming.

But you find I am ſtill homo quadratus, unalterable in Principle, that is, biaſs'd neither one way nor other, either by the applauſe of the People, or the favour of Priaces; as if Virgil had made that Diſtich on purpoſe for me.

Illum non populi faſces, non purpura regum
Flexit, aut infidos agitans diſcordia cives.

I ſhall only, as an addition to my Fables, give you two words of Advice, one to Kings and Princes,

and the other to the People, and that comprehends all Mankind.

I would advise Kings to remember they are but Men, and that one time or other they must die, and therefore let 'em not be exorbitant in their Power of Governing.

Quem dies vidit veniens superbum,
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem. *Scen. Trag.*

The great Cedars must fall by the Thunderbolts, and many times too when the Shrubs and Underwood remain untoucht. Let Kings therefore govern only for the advantage of their People while they live, and leave things in such a posture when they die, that their People may not be embroil'd after their Decease.

To this end, if any one Prince makes himself absolute, robs his People of their Rights, and his neighbouring Princes of their Dominions; if he enlarges his Dominions so as to enable himself to make his Brethren Princes his Subjects, and the Free States about him his Slaves; let the rest of the Princes join in Arms against him, and by force of Arms reduce him to such a condition, that it shall not lie in his power to oppress the natural born People of his own Territories, or any of his Neighbours: For it is the Property of a good Prince,

Prince, not only to ſecure the Liberty and Rights of his own People, but alſo to preſerve ſuch a Ballance, that all Mankind out of his Dominions may enjoy the ſame Privilege. But all this muſt be done by mature conſideration, not out of a deſire of enlarging his own Territories, not out of vain Ambition of Conqueſt, or out of a deſign to empoveriſh his People in order to enſlave them, but from a generous deſire of bringing all Mankind under ſuch Circumſtances, that the Prerogatives of the Prince, and the Privileges of the People may always be conſiſtent one with the other; that both Prince and People may have their juſt due, and live in amity together.

The People in the ſecond place ought to honour their Prince, to maintain his Prerogatives, yet ſo as to keep their Liberties entire. I am ſorry to find ſo many Men upon this earthly Globe, who to purchaſe the favour of Princes, and get great Eſtates, give away their Liberties, which are by God and Nature entailed upon their Poſterities. Theſe are cruel Step-fathers indeed, who to enrich themſelves enſlave their Children; yet too many of theſe have you got amongſt you, whom my Soul abominates.

And if you do but conſider them even in this life, amidſt all their Pomp and Wealth, how contemptible they are in the Eyes of all honeſt men, as be-

ing

ing every Bodies Rogues, who would murder their Parents, enslave their Children, betray their Prince, to get Mony; and their Deaths which are as deplorable as their Lives are scandalous, being often the sad Spectacles of exemplary Justice: No wise man would run such hazards to be extremely rich.

But if you could see (as I do) how they are tormented in the other World, you would admire the Justice of the Devil himself: for tho by the Wisdom of the supreme Being, the Devil is the greatest Tyrant of all terrestrial or subterranean Princes, yet he miserably torments such as give away their Freedoms; he himself being the Son of Perdition, wreaks the utmost of his Vengeance on such who, like himself, have lost that dear Jewel Liberty.

These things considered, if ever you expect to see my face in the Elysian *Fields, in company with the beauteous* Nine, *who have Myriads of shining Nymphs to wait upon 'em: I say, if ever you expect to drink a Cup of* Helicon *with me to the health of the Muses, preserve your Liberties, love your Kings, and support them in all their generous and righteous Undertakings, and do not put me to the trouble of coming again into this foggy Air, but observe my Counsels, and be wise for the future.*

ÆSOP

FABLES
ON THE
Present Posture of Affairs.

FAB. I.

The Devil and the Priest.

THERE was a Monarch, whose Imperial Sway
Nations far distant did as Slaves obey:
Kingdoms he govern'd, which he never saw,
And made 'em stoop to his extended Law.
Some Crowns by right of Birth he held, and some
Beneath his Sway by right of Conquest come:
So large his Awful Monarchy was grown,
His Slaves at all times did behold the Sun.

But Ah how weak is Pow'r and human Sway!
When we Eternal Orders must obey?

That

That mighty King can raviſh'd Kingdoms ſeize,
Becomes a Slave to Sickneſs and Diſeaſe,
And waſts in Body, as his Crowns increaſe.
Juſt were the Gods this Monarch to oppreſs,
Who ruin'd Lands, and Nations did diſtreſs.
Millions of murder'd Ghoſts ſurround his Throne,
Whoſe Lands by Blood he'd vilely made his own:
Nature by day his drooping Soul affrights,
And murder'd Ghoſts diſturb his Peace anights.

Thus ſome vile Uſurer of *London* Town,
Who has whole Families and Tribes undone,
Widows and Orphans cramm'd into his Bags,
Expos'd to cold in tatter'd Clothes and Rags,
Whilſt the vile Wretch Damnation worketh out,
Upon his Couch tormented with the Gout.

From Drugs this King could no aſſiſtance have,
Nature nor Art could not the Monarch ſave
From the cold Palace of a noiſom Grave;
By Heaven accurſt, no Iſſue left to reign,
He long had rul'd alas! but rul'd in vain:
His wealthy Kingdoms now diſown'd by Fate,
Their Regal Line muſt meanly terminate;
Gaſping they lie to e'ery neighb'ring Power,
For every King is a Competitor;
Each claims his Right to the extinguiſh'd Throne,
Some would have part, but others all or none:

One

One claims by Marriage what by t'other's given,
But Father Pope claims by Decree of Heav'n.
Thus mighty Feuds thro the Horizon ſpread,
And promiſe Wars when the ſick Monarch's dead.

What muſt be done in ſo deplor'd a caſe,
When Fate appears with ſuch an angry face?
The Swords are whetting, and prepar'd's the Shield,
And bloody Troops are entering the Field;
When the whole World's juſt kindling in a Flame,
Ev'n in the Nick the Prieſt and Devil came,
Two great Compoſers of inteſtine Jars,
Who fill both Hell and Mony-Cheſts by Wars,
Still leave the Slain confus'dly in the lurch,
Whilſt Hell gets all the Vot'ries of the Church;
But ſuch their fate, the Prieſthood and Old *Nick*
Approach the Royal Manſions of the Sick.
They did not viler Words to *Eve* expreſs,
The firſt Queen Regent of the Univerſe,
When their Advice ſhe freely did embrace,
And by it damn'd her ſelf and all her Race,
Than to the dying Monarch now they utter,
And in his Ears Infernal Accents mutter.
'Sir, ſays the Prieſt, you're ready to bequeath
The Lamp of Life unto the puff of Death;

'Your Kingdoms totter, as your Life declines,
'You are the laſt of all the Regal Lines.
'I am by Heav'n, and by the Pope deſign'd
'T' inſtruct with Rules of Faith your Royal Mind.
'If you expect in t'other World ſome eaſe,
'Pray leave your Kingdoms in a ſettled Peace:
'Such vaſt Pretenſions to your Thrones are made,
'As will the Earth with grizly Wars invade.

Here did the dying King erect his head,
And faintly to his Confeſſor thus ſaid:
'Thou know'ſt my Kingdoms do belong to one,
'Who hath by Birth a Title to my Throne;
'Tho not deſcended from theſe Loins of mine,
'His Title is as good, as much Divine.

'Ah! ſays the Prieſt, that Title can't be good,
'Which is ſupported by the loſs of Blood:
'That Prince can never his juſt Rights maintain,
'He is too weak, too poor for ſuch a Reign.
'He who by Marriage does a Right pretend,
'Was ſtill your ſure and ever-faithful Friend.
'Tho he his Right renounc'd, I do declare
'You may by Will appoint him lawful Heir.
And here the Devil whiſp'ring in his Ear,
The Prieſt proceeds:

'If

'If you my ſacred Counſels now ſhall ſhun,
'I'll tell your Majeſty you are undone:
'Your Sins are many, and muſt be forgiven
'Before you can approach the Throne of Heaven;
'And if you do not my Advice purſue,
'I'll pardon none, and Hell ſhall be your due;
'No extreme Unction, no anointing Oil
'To ſave your Skin where wretched Sinners broil
'In the hot Confines of the Stygian Lake,
'Becauſe they Prieſtly Counſels did forſake,
'Where in large Bowls is liquid Sulphur quaff'd
(At which dam'nd Words the very Devil laugh'd.)
'There you muſt lie tormented and forlorn,
'No King in *Tophet* ſhall like you be torn:
'I will more Torments on your Head denounce
'Than you, when living, Scepters had and Crowns.

'But if you will my Counſels now purſue,
'No King in Heav'n ſhall be more bleſt than you
'With Treaſures greater than thoſe of *Peru*.
'Nay when from earthly Body you are looſe,
'You ſhall not ſtop at the old half-way Houſe,
'Where Sinners take a pot of *Stygian* Liquor
'To make their ſenſe of Torment far more quicker,
'Where on hard Benches thoſe dejected Elves
'Do for vaſt Ages ſit to louſe themſelves.

'But you, when e'er your Majesty shall die,
'*Presto* shall mount the Regions of the Sky,
'And view your Kingdoms lessening as you fly.

He said. The Prince afrighted at his words,
To the vile Dictates of the Priest accords:
He makes his Will, and gives those Crowns away,
Which he, much envy'd, did so weakly sway,
Unto a Prince, who could no Title have,
But what Ambition and his Envy gave.

Thus Kings are bubbl'd, who on Priests rely,
They live in scandal, and unpitied die;
Condemn'd to Bondage and base Fame below,
And when they die, the Lord knows where they go.
For Heaven is kind, if e'er a Fool it saves,
Who trusts his Soul within the hand of Knaves.
Spain *henceforth of the Priests may have a care,*
And of their vile deluding Tricks beware.
If Heav'n be just, as sure in time it will,
Porto Carrero *shall his Crimes fulfil;*
He who embroils the World with Scenes of Wars,
And Europe *hurries in intestine Jars,*
Shall by the hand of Fate a Victim fall,
And slip to Hell from off the Earthly Ball.

Let England, Holland, Germany *alone,*
See on the Wretch condign Juſtice done;
Mean while let France *go on to play its pranks,*
Whilſt its vaſt River overflows its Banks:
Glutted with Empire may all Tyrants die,
And groveling in their Pride and Ruin lie:
She may in time her dear Ambition mourn,
Anjou, *like* Conti, *may again return;*
And may no King from henceforth e'er be bleſt,
Who truſts a Devil, or a crafty Prieſt.

Fab. II.

The Courtier.

A Milkwhite Rogue, Immortal and unhang'd,
By Fate and Parliaments ſeverely bang'd,
Without a Saint, a Devil was within;
He ſought all Dangers, for he knew all Sin;
Reſolv'd for Grandeur, and t' acquire Wealth,
Rob'd ſome by force, and others trick'd by ſtealth;
A wheedling fawning parſimonious Knave,
The Prince's Favour he reſolv'd to have.
The only means by which he thought to riſe,
He ſhuffl'd Cards, and ſlily cog'd his Dice;
A true State-Juggler, could make things appear
Such as would pleaſe his Prince's Eyes or Ear;
Produc'd falſe Lights his Monarch to miſlead,
Which made him from his Paths of Int'reſt tread.
He ſcreen'd all Villains from due courſe of Laws,
And from his Prince his trueſt Subjects draws;
Till angry Senates the vile Monſter took,
And from the Root the upſtart Cedar ſhook,
Squeez'd the curſt Sponge had ſuck'd the Nation's Coin,
And made him caſt up what he did purloin:

Then

Then on a Gibbet did the Monſter die,
A Juſt Example to Poſterity.

Let Favourites beware how they abuſe
Their Princes Goodneſs, or the Peoples Laws,
How they clandeſtine Methods ever uſe
To propagate a wrong unrighteous Cauſe.

The Prince's Favour, like a Horſe untam'd,
Dos often break the giddy Rider's Neck:
On him who for Preferment's ſo much fam'd
The People oft their bloody Vengeance wreak.

Let theſe beware how they miſlead their Prince,
Or rob the Treaſure of a potent Nation,
Or multiply enormous Crimes; for hence
Come Hanging oft, or noble Decollation.

Fab. III.

The Pilgrims.

RELIGION is a thing, if underſtood,
Would make men righteous, and their Actions good.
For Piety alone of all things can
Correct the Manners, and reform the Man:
But Ah! how much is the bleſt Name abus'd,
And by unhallow'd Lips profanely us'd!
But none ſo much their Lewdneſs evidence,
As thoſe who to it make the moſt pretence.

A Brace of Pilgrims, of a Sect ſevere
As e'er uſurp'd a Place in *Moſes* Chair,
Men skill'd and read in *Moſes* ſacred Laws,
Yet well inſtructed for an impious Cauſe.
They brought up Pilgrims in their pious Schools,
Where men were hoodwink'd and transform'd to Fools.
They taught 'em Doctrines did e'en Senſe deceive,
And made 'em many holy Cheats believe;
Paſſive Obedience taught in a free Nation,
More fooliſh far than Tranſubſtantiation.

Theſe pious Ramblers trudg'd from Poſt to Pillow,
Got ſacred Oak and conſecrated Willow,
Chips of our Saviour's Croſs, which where they came
Still got 'em Money, Provender and Fame;
Each holy *Hocus Pocus* had a trick
Would cheat the wiſeſt Subject of *Old Nick*.
They wrought ſuch Miracles in ev'ry Nation,
As did inhance their holy Reputation.
From *Spain* unto *Aleppo* they embark'd,
As Beaſts in *Noah*'s wooden Houſe were ark'd;
From thence o'er ſandy Deſert they did travel,
Where Men by Winds are buried oft in Gravel,
Where Camels foundring in the ſandy way
Are mummied up for ever and for ay;
Where men are thruſt ſo far beneath the Ground,
They ſcarce will hear the final Trumpet ſound;
'Till thro the ſcorching Sand's impetuous Heat,
They got ſafe to *Jeruſalem*'s beauteous Gate;
Where when they came, juſt at the very entry,
They ſaw a Brother Pilgrim ſtanding Sentry,
With meagre Looks, as if he'd been half roaſted;
But yet in Pilgrim Cant he them accoſted:
Says he, 'You're welcome Brethren to this Place,
'Of other Lands, and of our Church the Grace;
'Step you but in, I'll ſhow our Saviour's Tomb,
'So much ador'd by all that hither come,

'With all the holy Reliques of the Saints,
'Which he who has not ſeen, true Fervour wants.
'But e'er you enter, Brethren, I muſt tell ye,
'We have got no proviſion for the Belly.
At which one Pilgrim ſaid, 'We need not that,
'We without Victuals can grow plump and fat.
Then putting Hand within his ſacred Hood,
Pull'd out a piece of moſt ill-favour'd Wood.
Said he, 'Whoever bears this ſacred Chip,
'Needs not with Liquor ever wet his Lip,
'Or cram his Guts, as other Mortals do:
'This is both Meat and Drink, and Clothing too.
'We from *Aleppo* came, and all the way
'Have neither eat nor drank by night or day,
'When men grew faint, and periſh'd on the Road,
'And Camels ſunk beneath the Heat and Load.
'Who e'er to Battel goes, that carries this,
'Him ſhall the poiſon'd Arrows ever miſs:
'He may in Tempeſts thro the largeſt Seas
'Undrowned paſs, whenever he ſhall pleaſe.
'This ſacred Chip is of our Saviour's Croſs,
'Which, who has got, can ne'er ſuſtain a Loſs.

A Pilgrim Merchant ſtanding by, o'er-heard
What the Impoſtor ſaid, and much afraid
To paſs the Deſerts, but with needful Prop
To keep his drooping Limbs and Spirits up;

Offers

Offers the Pilgrims Mony for the VVood,
VVho pond'ring ſeriouſly, a long time ſtood;
Then in the Offer they were very nice,
Not out of Zeal, but to inhance the Price:
At length, which being rais'd (tis very odd)
They took the Mony, and they ſold their God.
The Merchant thus equipp'd, away he ran,
He need not ſtay now for the Caravan;
But in the Deſerts was the Sot miſtaken,
VVhere he did broil and fry like any Bacon.
He would have given in this very matter
A Load of Timber for a Draught of VVater:
There in the Sands did unaſſiſted roaſt,
He curſt the Pilgrims, and gave up the Ghoſt.

Ye Engliſh *Jacobites, beware*
How you this Merchant's paths do tread:
If you are caught in ſuch a Snare,
And by Non-juring Prieſts miſled,

You may like him be famiſh'd quite,
And die in Ditches like a Dog:
When you are poor, they'l ſay good night;
They get the Gold, and you the Log.

For if you run into Extremes,
And againſt Faith believe and hope,
You are bedevil'd by King James,
As he's bedevil'd by the Pope.

For take my word, and to it I'll be ſworn,
Monmouth *ſhall riſe when* James *ſhall e'er return.*

Fab. IV.

The Usurers and Merchants.

SOME Usurers of Race accurst,
VVho only idolized Gold,
VVhose Bags, tho ready were to burst,
VVould scarce buy Clothes to keep out Cold.

Half starv'd and wretched as they were,
Yet hopes of Gain still chear'd their hearts;
The getting Pelf was all their care,
In which they exercis'd their parts.

Some traded to both *Indies*, some
To *Africk* sent their lofty Ship,
VVhich loaden, and returning home,
VVas the sad burden of the Deep;

Others in Stocks imploy'd their Coin,
Others in Interest play'd their Pranks;
Some by Pawn-broking did purloin,
And some threw Mony into Banks.

Grown

Grown rich, yet richer ſtill would be ;
For Avarice admits no rule,
It knows no regular degree,
The Miſer's Purſe is never full.

But not content with what they'd got,
And all ambitious ſtill of more,
They all confed'rate in a Plot
How to increaſe their private Store.

At length agreed in this deſign
Their Force of Mony to unite,
Their Stocks in one together join,
And make juſt Dividends and right.

United thus, they ſweep the Seas,
They plunder ev'ry Country's Store,
Their VVealth do's hourly increaſe,
They fill their Cheſts with golden Oar.

But ſee the fate of Avarice,
The Folly of our Miſers Plot ;
They prove unlucky in a trice,
And loſe the Treaſure they had got :

For half their VVealth they ſent away
In Shipping to a foreign Land;
Which ſcap'd the Dangers of the Sea,
But fell into the Pirates hand.

One would have thought they ſhould have ſent
The other half to get the reſt,
Or farther Miſchiefs to prevent,
The Pirates ſore had them diſtreſt.

But they, ſtill covetous of more,
Prepare new Shipping for the Seas,
To find out ſome more lucky Shoar,
Where they their Riches may encreaſe.

Which when the Pirates underſtood,
They haſten with their Shipping thither,
Where theſe Land-Pirates thought it good
To get their ſtore of Wealth together

Thus the curſt Miſers loſt their Store,
Bereft of all their Worldly Pelf;
By Avarice grown wondrous poor,
Each charitably hang'd himſelf.

This Tale may Holland *now adviſe,*
When France *is growing into Power,*
To ope her Purſe-ſtrings, and be wiſe,
Leſt Pirates ſhould her Land devour.

Not to Batavia *ſend her Ships,*
But lend her Mony to the German :
She's wiſe, if at this time ſhe keeps
Her Country clear of neighbouring Vermin.

FAB. V.

The Ingrates.

THERE was a King for mighty Actions fam'd,
Amongſt the Worthies of the Antients nam'd;
He Battels fought, and many Kings ſubdu'd,
And quell'd the Tumults of the Multitude:
In War ſagacious, and in Dangers bold,
A greater Man no Hiſtory hath told.
But by his Favourites he was undone,
Who ſullied all the Lawrels he had won:
They ſold his Offices unto his Foes,
And on his Friends great Hardſhips did impoſe.
They rob'd his Treaſure to augment their own,
And they thro all degrees of Lewdneſs run,
And ſerv'd him, as the *Heliotrope*, the Sun:
For when his Foes moſt inſolent did grow,
He weak in Troops, and his Exchequer low,
They would not lend him their ill-gotten Gain,
His Country's Peace and Honour to maintain;
His Cauſe abandon'd, and his Intereſt left,
The Pious King was of all Aid bereft.

Thus he a Victim to his Conqu'rors fell,
For want of Mony, which he cou'd not quell.

This may accuse those evil men
Who got vast Thousands by the War,
Who if the War returns agen,
Won't to their Monarch any spare.

Our Fleet unvictual'd and unman'd,
For want of necessary Aid,
Like Europe's *Ballance at a stand,*
By those who serv'd her first betray'd.

Ingrates indeed, and void of Grace,
To disoblige their Princely Friend;
When what they got was by their Place,
But now a Penny will not lend.

FAB. VI.

The Partizans.

THERE was a Land where Int'reſt rul'd,
And not right Reaſon bore the ſway,
VVhere common men by Chiefs were fool'd,
And each *Capricio* did obey.

Faction there dwelt, and mighty noiſe
Of Int'reſt fill'd each liſt'ning Ear:
Diſcord did raiſe the Peoples Voice,
VVhilſt Peace and Plenty diſappear.

All in a hurry were diſturb'd,
They knew not why, nor yet for what:
No man his vain Ambition curb'd,
But ſomething ſought to grumble at.

Some pleas'd with popular Applauſe,
The Peoples Expectation rais'd,
Promoting ſome ſiniſter Cauſe
Both by clandeſtine means and ways.

Some Statesmen grew, and very leud,
Engaging others in their VVars,
Heading the giddy Multitude
In their intestine selfish Jars.

Some in Religion did grow mad,
And talk'd of Virtue and of Grace,
Things which themselves they never had,
But ev'n their Image did deface.

The jarring Priests in holy strife
Each others Crimes did bawl aloud,
VVhilst poor Religion lost her life
Beneath the pressure of the Crowd.

Some made a noise 'gainst others Crimes,
And most notorious horrid Cheats;
But such the Lewdness of the Times,
Th' Accuser the same Crimes repeats.

Some honest were, and griev'd to see
Their Country's ruin, and their own;
No Party chose, but what might be
For publick Profit done alone.

These hated were, and still kept poor,
From Places and Preferments shut:
Knaves still crept in, and more and more
VVere honest men excluded out;

Until at length by horrid Brauls
(See the effect of Villany)
Their Country's Reputation falls,
And they beneath its Ruins die.

Let Englishmen *be now engag'd*
Their private Quarrels to lay down;
Too long they homebred Wars have wag'd,
And publick Int'rest let alone.

'Tis time for them to lay aside
Their private Piques at one another;
In Parties vile no more divide,
But Discord in its Embrio *smother.*

For if they do not now unite,
And in a common Int'rest join,
They'l never henceforth keep their Right,
But their own Houses undermine.

FAB. VII.

The Confederacy.

1.

THERE was an Eagle built his Neſt
Upon a lofty Oak,
Tho not above
Th' avenging Stroke
And Thunder of Almighty *Jove*;
Of *Jove*, who ſometimes thinks it beſt,
For Reaſons yet unknown,
To let the vileſt men alone,
To ravage all their Neighbours Lands,
And murder Innocents with bloody hands.
So he thought good
To let this mighty ravenous Tyrant of the VVood
Perch on his Boughs ſecure from Fate,
And all the little winged Mortals eat.

2.

2.

Long there he liv'd, and every day descry'd
From his exalted Boughs;
All the low Underwood beside
Beneath his Shadow grows.
When e'er he saw the Flocks upon the wing,
Or heard in Bushes the plum'd Creatures sing,
His Eaglets he sent out
To seize the Prey,
Who fierce as Lightning flew about:
Swifter than they
No Arrow flies,
Or Star from Azure Skies;
No Tyger in the Forest tears
The trembling Hind with greater rage
To pieces with his sharpn'd Paws,
Than these the harmless Birds engage,
And home return with bloody Beaks and Claws.

3.

In vain the Birds did build their Nest,
In vain did young ones breed,
When Old and Young were but a Prey at best
To this curs'd Eagle's Seed.

Hope-

Hopeleſs of better fate
They penſive ſate,
And did the dangers of their Tribes relate.
Till one much wiſer than the reſt,
To th' harmonious Croud in Notes himſelf expreſt:

'See, Brethren dear,
'We who are born as free as Air,
'Confin'd by nothing but the Sky
'When we aloft do fly,
'And when we downwards go
'By nothing but the mighty Earth below.
'But vain our Freedoms are,
'Our native Birthright to the ſpacious Air,
'If this Tyrannic Eagle be empower'd
'By Fate to kill,
'And make us Captives at his Will;
'And we are born by him to be devour'd.
'Tis true (tho not to our diſgrace)
'We are the weakeſt of the feather'd Race:
'The Gods have us no Tallons giv'n,
'Such the Decree of Heaven.
'We can't contend with mighty Powers,
'Our buſineſs is to ſit in Bow'rs,
'And in our natural Accents ſing
'The Glories of the Spring.

'We

'VVe are but Cantons of the Air,
'Some mighty Emprors are;
'If we with these are in Alliance join'd,
'The Eagle soon will find
'Himself o'ermatch'd,
'And we shall have our Young in safety hatch'd.
'Therefore let us perswade
'These Potentates unto our Aid:
'VVe'll get Provision from the VVood
'Their Forces to maintain,
'VVhilst they upon the Plain
'Do combat for the Common good.

4.

He said, and to his wife Intent
The feather'd Company
Did all agree.
They clapt their Wings, and chirping gave consent.
The Hawks of every kind
In the Alliance join'd,
The Ravens, Crows, and all the Breed
That do on slaughter'd Bodies feed;
Each one who did a Talon wear,
His sharpen'd VVeapon did prepare,
He whet his Beak, and hasten'd to the War.

VVhich when the Eagle understood,
He armed all his Bands,
And to the Field commands
His vet'rane Troops long since inur'd to Blood.
Such Preparations ne'er were known,
Such mighty Actions ne'er were done
By the Inhabitants of the Air,
Or such a bloody VVar.

5.

For now the fatal Day is come,
Little inferior to the Day of Doom,
Over a spacious Plain,
On which below
Small Furz and Fern did grow;
Now Death and vast Destruction reign:
Here in the Air
The Combatants begin the VVar;
VVho as they in Battalia fly
Put out the very Candle of the Sky:
Such sparring Blows they gave, the very Sound
Echo'd from hollow Caverns of the Ground;
At evry Stroke
VVas some strong Tallon broke,
Some Beak was spoil'd,
Or Hawk or Eagle kill'd:

The Feathers fell like Showers of Snow
Upon the Plain below.
The Battel was uncertain, ſtill
They both did one another kill,
Until the Eagles Forces broke,
Retreated to the Fortreſs of their Oak.

6.

The Eagle thus diſtreſt,
His Warriors ſpoil'd both in their Beak and Creſt,
His Fortunes growing worſe and worſe,
To Policy he has recourſe;
This firm Alliance he muſt break,
Or elſe his Oaken Throne muſt crack.
Firſt from the common Cauſe
He the fierce Vultur draws,
Which was by Wedding done;
A young Hen-Vultur of a comely Grace,
The only Princeſs of the Race,
To a Cock-Grandſon-Eagle of his own.
Then with his other Foes he gets a Peace,
And thus all Feuds and Diſcord ceaſe:
No ſooner were his Pinions grown,
And Claws made ſharp, but from his
Throne

He War proclaims,
And all the little Flocks of Birds he damns,
And all Alliances he ſcorns,
And a true Tyrant Eagle turns.

If e'er Confederates agen
Shall the French *Eagle overcome,*
Ne're let him riſe to fight, but then
Give him his ne plus ultra *Doom.*
In him no Faith nor Honeſty they'l find,
Whom neither Gods nor human Laws can bind.

FAB.

FAB. VIII.

The Interview.

TWO Potent Armies in the Field
Would not to one another yield,
But huff'd and bounc'd at one another,
Making a moſt confounded Pother;
Yet ſeldom did in fight appear
To ſpoil the lucky Trade of War:
But Heroes huffing on the Plain
Affected much the Country Swain,
Who plough'd the face of native Soil
With mighty Induſtry and Toil,
Not now as whilome once a year
To revel in *October* Beer;
But all's conſum'd by huffing Prigs,
In buying fine lac'd Coats and Wigs.
The Swains complain, and all the Nations
Abhor theſe coſtly fighting Faſhions.
When lo! to put an end to ſtrife,
And ſave the fighting Peoples Life,

Two Gen'rals who but juſt before
Each others ſad Deſtruction ſwore,
Agreed a Meeting in the Field
Without dead-doing Sword or Shield.

Beneath a Hedg the Chieftains ſate,
Like men of Senſe and War did prate,
Who tho they're skill'd in Martial Strains,
Have very little ſhare of Brains:
But ſo it happ'd, a Peace was made,
Which quite deſtroy'd the Warriors Trade.
From ſuch a Peace, and treatied thus,
I pray good Lord deliver us:
For e'er in Print the Peace appears,
They fell together by the Ears;
No mortal man, beſide the Treaters,
Knew which ſide were the greateſt Cheaters.
Hence Taxes and Diſſenſions riſe
To pleaſe the Knaves, and fool the Wiſe.

Let Nations henceforth have a care
How they engage in coſtly War,
Empty their Purſes, and their Sculls,
Only to pleaſe ſome fighting Fools,
Who cut War's Hydra *with deſign*
Only to let it grow again.

Let 'em, if ever Arms they take,
Do it but for their Country's ſake;
Let 'em make War when e'er they pleaſe,
But let no Foreigner make Peace,
No private Articles be made,
Which may their future Peace invade.

FINIS.

Let 'em, if ever they take,
Do it but for their Country's Sake;
Let 'em make War when e'er they please,
But let no Foreigner make Peace,
No private Articles be made,
Which may their Nature Peace invade.

FINIS.